

Garðarshólmi

The shriek!

...and waves of lilac
from the mirror.

Shock of raven hair
and icy red of

lips.

Seas
of lonely dusk

— and the wind
is luminous pain,
in bloom.

Her cries speak gold
and rainbows.

But I know her not.
And likely never will.

And yet, the love:
like a warm and solitary scone,

or a bit of incense
through a window
at night.